









(and children always know with whom they may take liberties) play all sorts of tricks.

and a young midshipman, and sometimes a visitor, lieutenant, and a Newfoundland dog.

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[illegible]

William Cobbett was at the height of  
tation; but of politics we heard little  
think have been.

...hot patriot, who would introduce

It was possible. It was a fair outside, and about about him. There was something about him, with his smiling face and his good spirits, his heartiness, his love of his liking for a lady. He was a fair and sunny, and with a bright compound of the soldier and the poet, his habit of wearing an eternal red coat a little. He was, I think, a good and vigorous person I have ever seen. He had begun his own day by moving his garden, Robinson, the best of himself in the parish, at that fatiguing early rising, indeed, he had an abundance of the poetry that was true to choose. He speaks of scenery of a life out in the open air, and of an own maturity, and of training his own stairs, and the boy who had the longest other indulgences, the poets.

to his neighbor's money, and that the New Englanders were not as they displayed: whenever he saw there is only to say where such a one has been found, you could not find it, so vivid, so true was the picture. He was not a little surprised to find that in the purchase of his land, at Ithaca, Farmers, were in the habit of saying, "I am sure he did not go there, but I thought it the consequence of his going that I bought the land." The fields lay along the river, and might have been sown to feed the poorest of the country. In the cultivation of his fields, in the same taste. Few persons examined of vegetables, fruits, or great numbers of them, such as melons, could hardly have been expected. The wall-fruit was equally common as the others, and he never saw a more glowing or a more garden than that of Bolter, with only a few of its seeds, and a magnification, and of variegated pigmentation of life soon passed on, as a matter of course, to the side, possibly, and that I shall always look back and regret to that visit. — Mrs. M.

**TWO BETHUNES.**

and else! still sadder, is the story  
Of Niccolò's life, as we have  
A melody, and short though trim-  
pant-music, there's a harmony and  
fellow-joys, fellow-sorrows, fellow-  
authorship, mutual throughout,  
int-life, and in their deaths not far  
distant survives his brother John only  
to write his memoirs, and then follow.  
But at fourteen years of age, when  
it requires the full strength of a  
loose flesh and health under the ex-  
cess blown up in quarrelling with his  
father for dead, recovers slowly, mis-  
minded

et to the loss of an eye. John, which  
et to stone-breaking on the roads  
old, and has to keep himself from  
an and broken-hearted by monkey  
to the weaving trade, and having  
by the most desperate economy to  
with to buy looms, begins to work  
brother as an apprentice, and finds  
rendered useless for very some year  
of 1825-26. So the two return to  
fourteen-pence a day. John, in a  
work-week, honestly over exerts him-  
self in digestion for life. Next year, he  
to clean out a watercourse, kneel-  
ing then to take marl from a pit, and  
drinking water off a swamp during an  
of frost, and finds himself laid down

the cough, and all but sleepless  
the foundation of the consumption  
him. But they will not give in  
write, and they write it to the best  
scraps of paper, after the drudgery  
cabin previous to every shower,  
gives the right spelling of the words  
"Christian Remembrances" or other—  
rue and unbiased contemporary  
and all this without neglecting their  
pen an hour, when the weather per-  
mits, anything which tempted them to  
it, renders, and perpend! "the  
me by rain and snow." Then an  
(apparently some calculus ore)  
and stops by him for the six remain-  
1836, and 1837, and 1832.

the last farthing on his brother's second quarry accident. Surely hard to spoil these men! But no perfect by sufferings. In the house narrow room, and a small vault of it, lighted by a single pane and write untiring, during the long poetry, "Tales of the Scottish high at last bring them in some-

k on practical economy, which is created by kind critics in Edinburgh, shed—without a sale. Perhaps one or two might be found in those very rare were too many violent political explains their good Mentor of Bainesades them, seemingly the most role of heroes, to omit them. They do money, and need it; for the they have lived from childhood they are, with their aged father, dear old dog-kennel, to find house-

can. Why not? It is not as if the house did not belong to them; no doubt, which could be specified in any will, but, as the house was not a freehold, there may have been associations can men be expected to pay fourteen pence a day? So they left their two aged parents, and built a new house elsewhere, and gave me £30 from the sale of their old house, as we understand, stands after to become a sort of artisan's station, only second to Barnes' station, and it will become, whenever

least, it is the words "worth" and "worth" rightly understood among us. The men, if they are not heroes and popish sort, object and effeminate, human, evangelic sort, masculine, the figures in Raffaele's Cartoons, those of Fra Bartolomeo. Not from a proud selfish prudence, but from a dread

parents, and the righteous, although they die voluntary celibates, although they did all other things. The power, self-restraint, of "conquest of self" as well as inward, is the life-long work; and they go through it. They are free from the influence of passion, of injustice, tyranny, disappointment; each bright boy's dream of success is not discouraged, out of their minds, and they their Father in Heaven teaches all lessons. — *North British Review*.

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punish soft, abject and effeminate.

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him, not from selfish prejudice, but from de-  
voted aged parents, and the righteous de-  
votion, they die voluntary celibates although  
the drawings showed that they, too, could have  
been as they did all other things. The  
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ment by one each bright boy's dream of success  
and is scourged, out of their minds, and  
lovingly their Father in Heaven teaches  
lesson of all lessons. —North British Review.